**Drop by Drop, Gallon by Gallon**

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# Drop by Drop, Gallon by Gallon

by dylan69


Summary

Will, an omega, makes extra cash selling his aphrodisiac piss online to horny alphas and betas. Hannibal gets a try at an elaborate dinner party and quickly becomes addicted. Once he finds that the mouth-watering piss comes from someone who could be his intellectual equal, he falls into a deep obsession.


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Hannibal swallowed and felt as if he was flying. His heart raced, his pupils dilated. He felt blood flow through his veins, every inch and capillary. It was a high he'd felt killing for the first time. Pure ecstasy consumed him, as terrifying as it was exhilarating. The alpha blinked, looking around to see the other guests having similar reactions. How in the world had Sutcliffe, boring, worthless Sutcliffe, found something like this, he wondered.

Notes


See the end of the work for notes

# Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Damn his students, damn Jack Crawford, and most of all *damn* the FBI, Will thought, leaping up stairs two at a time.

He was going to piss himself and the only omega bathroom in Quantico was on the third floor, tucked away in a secluded corner. Will felt a dribble of warm liquid trickle down his underwear. Humiliation roared in Will's gut like a bubbling stream.

An alpha student sniffed the air, raising her head and moving it, trying to track down the sweet, enticing scent.

Blood rushed to Will's ears as he sprinted past her. He needed that omega bathroom now, or everything was going to be incredibly *messy*.

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Will practically collided with the wall as he skidded into the bathroom. He threw the latch closed and shoved his pants down, hop-stumbling, then twisting himself around to land on the toilet. He sighed with relief as he emptied his bladder.

He reached into his satchel and grabbed a fresh pee-pad. 'Omega incontinence pads', the manufacturer called them. Will called that bullshit. There was no need to gift-wrap a turd, or, in this case, a bucket of piss. They were little, paper pads made for omegas with overactive bladders.

He ripped open the plastic wrapping with his teeth, tearing the soaked pad out of his underwear at the same time. Will wrapped up the wet pad and chucked it into the scent-neutralizing bin. He stuck the fresh pad into his underwear and lamented the unique combination of afflictions that made up his general existence.

Will was born an omega, a fraction of the population, known for hyper fertility and pheromones meant to entice alphas and betas. Said pheromones manifested in many ways: in scent glands, in slick, and most irritatingly, in urine. Due to a biological mix up, the pheromone glands that made slick an aphrodisiac, could also be found in every omega's bladder. This made omega pee sweet smelling and tasting, and meant their bladders filled quicker. The size and potency of these glands varied from omega to omega. Some omegas could use an alpha or beta bathroom without issue, while others had pheromones so strong that their piss could send alphas into rut.

Because the universe had it out for Will, he was firmly entrenched in the latter category. His glands were significantly larger and more potent than most omegas, making his bladder smaller and the aphrodisiac qualities stronger. Combined with weak bladder control and Will's need to drink water constantly or risk dehydration, Will had to piss almost all of the

time, and had to use a scent-blocking omega bathroom or he'd trigger a Quantico-sized rut fest.

He used pee-pads constantly and they did an adequate job blocking the scent of any drops that escaped him, at least until they became saturated. But, because Will was cursed by Mother Nature, he dripped, pissing a small amount constantly. He could 'hold it' for almost an hour, but had to make it to the bathroom every thirty minutes just to replace his drenched pad.

Today, after one of his classes, *three* of Will's students stopped him to ask questions about their midterm and Jack had tracked him down to pester him about profiling, so his bladder was screaming by the time he got free. In his desperation to go piss, he'd said yes to whatever Jack wanted. He felt regret nearly as strongly as he felt the need to piss, but if he'd sat and argued his case, he'd have wet himself in the middle of his classroom.

Will stood, grabbing some toilet paper to wipe the tip of his cock. Jack had offered him a bonus, as if *money* was going to get Will back in the head of every wannabe killer. Will made more than enough to support himself teaching, and if Will needed more money, he had certain alternative ways to make it.

The one benefit of incredibly potent omega-piss, was that people were willing to pay top dollar for it. Will ran an online shop, completely disconnected from his professional life where he could rack up almost ten thousand extra dollars monthly. Some people diluted it and used it as a cologne, others used it to 'spice up' the bedroom, as it could prolong erections and increase arousal. Certain customers drank it and sent Will long, creepy messages about how good the taste was.

Will needed to upgrade his spam filters. Maybe he could make it so all emails containing phrases like 'delectable omegan juices', 'mouth-watering gold', or 'piss kitten' went straight to his trash bin.

Will flushed the toilet and thoroughly washed his hands, thinking about all the orders he needed to fulfill tonight. A pompous doctor, who also happened to be one of his most prolific customers, had bought twenty-five, three ounce spray bottles and one, forty ounce capped jug.

He grumbled, but made sure to refill his water bottle. His product would be far more potent if he filled himself now, and let it stew in pheromones on the drive home.

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Hannibal Lecter was a connoisseur of the rarified. A collector of the unique and exemplary. After a childhood stint with desperation, the alpha completely lost any patience for anything less than the best. Yet, sometimes, he had to endure the subpar for the sake of social graces. It was such a tragedy that these pigs only benefited him if they liked him.

One of these pigs was a man by the name of Donald Sutcliffe, who considered himself Hannibal's colleague. They were colleagues in the same way that a worm was the colleague

of a robin that was eating it. Nonetheless, Hannibal showed up to the man's dinner party after receiving an invitation.

He sat, surrounded by the mundane, eating the mundane, listening to the mundane. It bored him near to death. The meal was fine, but lacked any distinguishing flare. Sutcliffe's style for interior design was a collage of current trends, all light colors and minimalist decor. The inferior alpha didn't have a single animal skull on his dinner table.

The alpha day dreamed about slitting the throats of the living irritants around him, making their blood fall like the rain, until the digestif.

Sutcliffe brought out an ornate glass bottle, filled with sparkling, gold liquid, "As you know, I am a man who seeks for the exotic, and that I am always ready to push boundaries."

Hannibal could have laughed. The other guests looked with slight apprehension, wondering which taboo Suttcliff was going to attempt, and inevitably fail, to tastefully push.

He uncorked it, and brought Hannibal back into the present moment. It smelled delightful, unique. It was sweet and a little peppery, with a base note of something animalistic. Omega urine, he noted, and incredibly strong urine.

"While some may see such a gift as perverse, I believe it excites the scenes," Sutcliffe said, self-satisifed smirk on his face.

Sutcliffe grinned at his interested guests and began to fill their crystal shot glasses. Hannibal felt his dick twitch as his glass was poured.

Sutcliffe sat at the head of the table and lifted his glass, "Cheers."

Hannibal swallowed and felt as if he was flying. His heart raced, his pupils dilated. He felt blood flow through his veins, every inch and capillary. It was a high he'd felt killing for the first time. Pure ecstasy consumed him, as terrifying as it was exhilarating. The alpha blinked, looking around to see the other guests having similar reactions. How in the world had Sutcliffe, boring, worthless Sutcliffe, found something like this, he wondered.

At the end of the dinner, Sutcliffe passed out a gift for each attendee. In most cases, Hannibal would find party favors to be below him, a half-assed attempt for a sub-par host to bargain for the guest's approval at the last moment. Yet, as Hannibal cradled the spritzer bottle of golden, omega urine, embossed with the name of the company Sutcliffe bought it from, he found himself shockingly appreciative of the gift.

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Hannibal spread his legs, secluded in his own home. He sat in the near dark, lit only by the glow of his tablet. Hannibal turned the bottle, reading the embossed logo across the front of it. The alpha shook it lightly, watching the light dance across the generated bubbles. He twisted off the cap and sniffed it; his stomach dropped and soared.

The alpha pulled his cock out, holding it with one hand. He stroked the sensitive area under the head with his thumb, then sprayed the piss onto his dick. The length hardened near immediately under the effect of the mist.

The sweet smell filled the room as Hannibal began to pump up and down his cock, the only lubrication provided by the urine. His hand tugged at dry skin while it glided over the wetted area. Hannibal's head fell back, as pleasure he'd never experienced surrounded him. He'd had sex with omegas, betas, and other alphas and nothing had ever sated him in this way.

He paused, tugging away his touch to spray piss onto his hands. Then, he grabbed his cock, squeezing the head. His other hand grasped at his balls, the sweet liquid on his fingers causing the sensitive skin to tingle. He rolled his balls around in time with each pump of his dick. Hannibal closed his eyes and imagined the faceless omega that had produced the pee.

He could imagine their soft body and weeping cunt. Their hole would be hot to the touch and dripping. He could fuck into them, fill every inch, savoring that powerful slick. He'd lay them down and pound into them, one hand over their bladder and the other on their neck. They'd piss, spraying and squirting as they came, coating Hannibal's chest with gold liquid. They'd whimper and squirm as Hannibal pounded into them, his stamina only improved by the aphrodisiac.

His fist clenched as he came, shooting ropes of cum across his carpet and the legs of his pants. He panted, satisfaction coating him. Hannibal lifted his hand and licked away the combination of piss and cum, savoring the mixing of flavors.

The site from which Sutcliffe had procured the urine, Fluidomega.com, was spread across the glass of the tablet. Hannibal had some research to do.

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Hannibal rescheduled all of his therapy sessions, clearing his calendar while he hunted. He whittled through the entire bottle of urine quickly, his libido becoming insatiable without it. Hannibal, wanted –no– needed more. Hannibal considered buying a bottle off the site before discarding it. He was no Sutcliffe, he didn't need to spend money on a quick fix when he could have something permanently. Besides, waiting makes it all the more sweet.

The alpha spent his time secluded, eyes burning as they stared at his monitors. The only clue he had was the website from the bottle, its pages bland and unassuming. There was an image of filled bottles, detailing the different sizes that could be ordered. Text described the products in brief, clinical sections. At the bottom, rested an order form and an email to contact.

It was more than Hannibal needed.

Hannibal's focus was broken once, by a horrid ringing noise. The alpha grabbed his phone and answered the call, intending to ask for enough contact information to kill whoever bothered him.

"Hannibal Lecter," the doctor introduced himself.

“Jack Crawford,” the man on the other side said, “head of the Behavioral Science Unit of the FBI.”

Hannibal’s spine tightened as Crawford continued, “I was told about you from Alana Bloom, a consultant of mine. She recommended you to me. I’m looking for a psychiatrist to profile for me.”

Hannibal relaxed, “Who would you need me to profile? I am not a trained criminal psychologist.”

“Ah, I won’t have you profiling criminals, but a man on my team. His name is Will Graham, perhaps you’ve heard of him?”

Hannibal had heard of Will Graham, often. His name was traded around constantly in psychiatry circles. He’d be an entertaining puzzle. Hannibal considered saying yes. Will Graham would certainly be an interesting toy.

But, Hannibal had something else to occupy himself currently, and he didn’t feel the need to divide his attention, “I am familiar, but I cannot help you currently. While I may be able to lend a hand in the future, I am currently quite booked.”

Jack paused for a moment, “Are you certain?”

“Yes.”

“Well, if you ever change your mind, you have my number.”

Hannibal hummed in agreement as the line went dead. While Crawford was overly blunt, Hannibal did find the promise of working with Will Graham to be interesting. Maybe he would earn Graham’s trust with a taste of sweet, omega urine.

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Two weeks later, Hannibal had everything he needed. He found the IP address of the website’s creator and sole user. The site was run by a single person, likely the omega or someone who knew and was close to them. From there, he located the country, city, social security number, phone number, and exact location of the laptop used to post on the site.

He loaded his car with duct tape, a contractor bag, and a syringe full of sedatives. He’d acquired an old dentist’s chair and secluded it in the corner of the basement where he made his art. Hannibal had added several restraints, and the necessary tools for a full lobotomy.

Hannibal would have as much of that addictive omega urine that he could ever want. He started up his Bently, heading straight for Wolftrap, Virginia.

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Hannibal often considered that, in another universe, he’d be a home security consultant. He could do a lot of good with his ability to pick out blind spots. But, in this universe, Hannibal used his intellect to deduce that the omega lived on his own, far away from neighbors who

could hear him scream, and had no system of security cameras. He used a lock with a key for his front door and standard locks on his windows.

He was pretty, but blind, completely unable to detect the alpha as he climbed into the second floor window. Scent blockers could be so useful to completely disarm others.

The omega moved through his house as if he were alone, acting out, what Hannibal assumed, was his nightly routine. The omega brushed his teeth and refilled several water bowls for his dogs.

Hannibal took time to appreciate his newest cooking utensil. He was tall for an omega, broad and sturdy in a way Hannibal found enticing. He smelled masculine, with strong base notes of musk and petrichor, mixed with higher notes of sugar and honey. The omega was solid, physically present and grounded in his surroundings. His hands, his clothes, and his house were all comfortably broken in. Hannibal likened him to a leather jacket, warm and enfolding.

The alpha snuck around, always out of view. One of the omega's dogs had come to sniff at Hannibal. Hannibal held his breath, lightly petting the animal. While he could kill all of the beasts and take the omega by force, he'd rather wait until the omega sent them outside.

The omega whistled, calling all the animals to their beds, then walked upstairs. Hannibal followed, silent as a mouse, and slipped into a bathroom, keeping the omega in his eyeline. He hid behind a curtain, impossibly still. He'd wait until the omega was distracted, then he'd strike.

The omega man shoved his pants and boxers down, stepping out of one leg and shimmying to get out of the other. He grabbed a used pad out of his underwear and tossed it into a plastic bin. He stretched and held his three inch cock in one hand.

The omega picked up an ornate glass bottle, much like the one Sutcliffe had during the dinner party. He placed his cock head in the finish of the bottle, then sighed as he began to piss into it. He bit his lip, massaging his cock with his thumb and the side of his hand. His fingers reached down, caressing the folds of his cunt. Hannibal held his breath, hoping not to be discovered and interrupt the show.

Two fingers slipped inside the omega's hole, the angle making it so only the tips could enter. Slick dribbled down the fingers as the omega whimpered. The stream of piss tapered out, causing the omega to pull the bottle away and set it on the counter.

With both hands free, the omega turned his full attention to masturbation as Hannibal eagerly watched. His long fingers pounded into his cunt, while his other hand jerked at his cock. A weak, trembling moan danced out from his plump lips.

The muscles of his thighs trembled until a horrific buzzing interrupted him. The omega clutched at the offending device, answering the call and tapping the speakerphone button, "Hello?"

“Will, we’re having a team meeting at five a.m. tomorrow. It’ll be in room 302.” Jack Crawford’s voice burst out of the little device.

“Did you need to call me at eleven p.m.?” The omega– Will– asked, irritation flavoring his melodic voice.

He had a voice Hannibal could hear every day. Low, gravely, yet pleasant on the ears. Hannibal wondered if he always had that tone, or if he had grown hoarse during his masturbation session.

“I’ll call you when I need you,” Crawford said.

Will grumbled, but allowed Crawford to continue on. He grabbed the phone and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

Hannibal’s mind whirred. The omega’s name was Will and was employed by Jack Crawford. Light erupted in Hannibal’s heart. Not only was the omega the producer of the delectable piss he’d come to love, but he had a complex, interesting mind.

Let it never be said that Hannibal Lecter wasn’t flexible. Lobotomizing and imprisoning the omega was no longer the most interesting option.

He grabbed the plastic bin of spent incontinence pads and escaped out the window.

He placed the bin of pee pads on his passenger’s seat, buckling it in. Hannibal grabbed a wrapped up pad and unrolled it. It was slightly off-colored where urine had dried on it. He held it to his nose like a chloroformed cloth, savoring the dulled scent. His tongue slipped out from between his lips, exploring the rough, dry texture of the used pad. His heart beat harder in his chest for a mere moment.

As Hannibal drove home, he called Jack Crawford. His schedule had opened up, and he would be delighted to work with the FBI.

Chapter End Notes

hiiiiiiiiiiiiii. about 2 weeks ago i didnt have a piss kink. then, my beloved friend theo enlightened me. now im here.

also! note! omegas have vaginas and 2-3 inch cocks. think like t cocks. bc t cocks are fantastic. they can pee out of the dicks but produce slick from their cunt

title is from Rain Song by the mountain goats bc i think i am soooooooo funny

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal smelled Will before he saw him, sweet-peppery-animalistic scent touching the air.

It was well hidden, behind a layer of blockers and a scent-neutralizing pee pad, but Hannibal's nose was unparalleled.

Hannibal's big toe tapped in his shoe, a near imperceptible way to unleash the energy mounting within him. Were he a lesser man, his foot would be tapping a staccato beat into the mass-market carpet of Jack Crawford's office. He had to fight the smile building on his face.

Will was wondrous, quick witted, and able to make Hannibal genuinely laugh. Hannibal never laughed, not a true laugh, only ever manufactured little sounds for the pigs around him. Yet, Will's quip about eyes made Hannibal chuckle.

Of course, Hannibal couldn't resist poking, couldn't stop himself from needling Will a little. While the other man may have left in a huff, Hannibal couldn't help but feel as if something beautiful was blossoming.

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Hannibal met Will next in Minnesota, where he prepared breakfast and brigaged Will's motel room at six in the morning. The results were delightful. Will Graham, hair tousled from sleep, dressed in a too-tight t-shirt and a pair of boxers that seemed determined to slip down his hips. Centered in the crotch was a mouth-watering, little, wet patch that Hannibal wanted to lick. Hannibal could shove the omega against the wall and run his tongue across the fabric. He could feel Will's hands skittering across him, trying and failing to tear him away before he submitted to the pleasure of an alpha's mouth.

Will blinked at the man, realized his state of undress, and slammed the door in Hannibal's face.

"Sorry! Sorry, I'll open the door in a minute," the omega half-shouted, his tone apologetic.

Hannibal shook his head, realizing that he'd been completely entranced by Will. As rude as the act was, Hannibal couldn't fault Will for slamming the door. It was likely for the best, if he hadn't Hannibal would have likely taken him in the motel room.

Will opened the door five minutes later, wearing a pair of heavy, scent-blocking sweatpants, still flustered.

"Sorry about that," the omega paused and sighed, "Where's Crawford?"

"Disposed in court. The adventure will be ours today," Hannibal replied, "I brought breakfast, may I come in?"

Will quickly looked around his room before nodding and allowing the alpha in. Hannibal efficiently spread out the protein scrambles, coffee, and utensils. Will sat down, and Hannibal immediately realized that he'd made the right decision, not kidnapping the omega.

Watching Will work was magnificent. His eyes fell closed, his lips moved, and his glorious mind took apart Hannibal's art like he was ripping petals off a rose. How easily Hannibal's inscrutable design yielded to Will's hands. Hannibal never felt more *seen* then he did, sitting in that motel room, discussing the murder of a girl while consuming her flesh.

Once breakfast was finished, Hannibal waited outside the room for Will to finish getting ready.

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Will was mortified. He pressed his forehead into the bathroom door, trying to regain his composure.

Doctor Lecter, a strange, painfully attractive alpha, had just seen him in his piss-soaked underwear, fed him a delicious meal, and called him a 'mongoose'.

Was this courting, Will wondered. The man was obviously interested and gifts of food were normally the first step a courting alpha would take. Will considered Doctor Lecter. He was pretty hot and while he was odd, Will did enjoy the conversation they shared over breakfast. If only he wasn't a shrink or a total fucking creep, Will thought.

Will threw on a button up shirt, a new pair of boxers, and a pair of slacks, then joined up with the alpha outside.

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A box of files hit the ground with a thud, slipping from Doctor Lecter's hands and startling Will enough to make him piss a little. Will winced, feeling it saturate his pad and begin to leak out. Doctor Lecter froze as if he'd been struck. When Will bent to pick up the files, Doctor Lecter skittered behind the omega and began to help, keeping close to Will the entire time. Will didn't think much of it. He considered stopping and switching his pad, but Doctor Lecter didn't immediately begin to salivate like he did in the motel, so Will believed it was fine.

Doctor Lecter and Will drove to the Hobbs house in near silence. Will glanced over to the alpha in the driver's seat, who appeared to be deep in thought. The omega wanted to ask what was on his mind, but decided not to. With shrinks, Will found, it was best to just let them stew.

Once they arrived at the Hobbs' residence, Will operated on auto-pilot, performing standard procedure. He was invited into the house by Mrs. Hobbs after showing her his badge. Will saw their daughter, immediately noticing that she fit the victim profile perfectly. Doctor Lecter stood behind Will the entire time, watching with wide eyes, like a silent, plaid owl.

Will assumed that he'd interview Garret Jacob Hobbs, maybe get a lead if he was lucky, then leave to do paperwork back in the motel.

Will should never assume anything, as any time he does, it seems as though the universe rearranges itself to prove him wrong.

The moment Will introduced himself to Garret Jacob Hobbs, the beta man grabbed a kitchen knife, whirled around, and buried it in Will's guts.

Will gasped, stumbling back, colliding into Doctor Lecter's back. He felt numb, then felt ice water fill his intestines.

Doctor Lecter growled, the sound resonating through Will's ribcage, and launched himself at Hobbs. Will slumped against the counter, his vision blurring as Mrs. Hobbs screamed. The alpha grabbed Garret Jacob Hobbs, tearing at him with his claws. Doctor Lecter slammed Hobbs into the fridge, causing the beta to drop his knife. He snarled and buried his teeth in Hobbs' throat, then he tore. Doctor Lecter ripped through muscle and skin, leaving a gaping, bleeding hole.

Will heard the frantic wailing of someone calling 911 as his vision faded to black.

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Will blinked into awareness slowly, cringing away from the brilliantly bright light. He groaned, covering his eyes, and turning his head to see Alana sitting by his bedside.

"How do you feel?" Alana asked, her brow furrowed with concern.

"Like I got stabbed," Will replied, tone deadpan.

The beta woman paused and Will could imagine him counting to ten in her head, "Will-"

"I'm okay," Will corrected before Alana could stab him a second time, "Really, I'm fine." The omega rubbed his face, "What happened to everyone else?"

"The girl and her mother were unharmed. Jack believes the daughter, Abigail, may have had something to do with the murders."

Will snorted, "Does he really, or does he need someone to pin the blame on now that the Shrike is gone."

"She's likely incredibly traumatized after witnessing all that violence," Alana said, shoulders tense.

Will blinked and realized that Alana had left someone out of her report, "How is Doctor Lecter?"

Alana shifted, discomfort weighing at her.

"Alana," Will repeated, slowing his words, "what happened with Doctor Lecter?"

“He wasn’t sure if you’d want to see him.”

Will’s eyes glinted, “You told him not to come.”

“I thought it would be best to give you some space after he…”

“After he did what?”

“He tore out a man’s throat,” Alana exclaimed, her shoulders sagging as she said what she’d been trying to avoid.

The only sound in the hospital room was the rapidly accelerating heart-rate monitor. Arousal and shame danced through Will as he remembered how Hobbs’ blood had cascaded down Doctor Lecter’s jaw, how it had trailed along the bulging veins in his neck. Brutality looked like artwork on the alpha.

“It wasn’t a good idea for him to come-”

“I’m going to see him,” Will declared, cutting Alana off, “He didn’t *hurt* me, he saved me.”

“I just don’t think–”

Will grabbed the heart rate monitors and tore them off, shoving away the thin, hospital blanket, and swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

“Will, please, get back in bed,” Alana pleaded while Will ignored her. She grabbed his wrist, only for Will to jerk free and storm out of the small room.

As he stomped down the hallway, Alana jogged after him, her voice attracting the attention of several medical professionals, all of whom tried to get Will back to bed.

Will froze as he stepped out of the hospital doors, allowing the cacophony of nurses to catch up with him. Alana grabbed him by his shoulders, pulling him back, “What were you thinking?” she exclaimed.

Will turned to her, feeling a slight breeze caress his bare ass as the paper hospital gown fluttered, “I was thinking that I should probably put on some pants before going to see Doctor Lecter.”

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It took Will one hour of arguing with Alana, two hours of arguing with his doctor, and four hours of arguing with his insurance to get discharged from the hospital. His premiums were likely to skyrocket after this whole ordeal. When discussing the occupational hazards of FBI work, everyone mentions the physical toll, but no one mentions the monetary toll. Will massaged his forehead, making a mental reminder to tell his students about just how much getting stabbed by a serial killer *cost*.

Will showed up to Doctor Lecter’s house at the cusp of dusk, disheveled, hungry, and frustrated. Driving through the alpha’s neighborhood left Will feeling out of place, worsening

his already shitty mood.

The omega stomped up to the doctor's door, and knocked. When Doctor Lecter opened it, Will's mouth flew open, ready to explain why he hadn't been by to see the man, when Doctor Lecter cut him off.

"Hello Will, would you care to come in for dinner?"

Before Will could realize what was going on, the alpha's arm was around his back, ushering him inside.

The man's house was audaciously over-decorated, every inch occupied by some unseemly expensive thing. It was enough to make Will's head spin.

He was deposited in the dining room, in the chair right next to the head of the table. In front of him rested a platter of oysters on ice.

"Are you familiar with eating oysters?" the doctor asked.

"Are you sure I'm not intruding?" Will asked, craning his neck to see the towering alpha standing next to him.

"Not at all, I always make enough for two. In fact, I was thinking of when next I could acquire your company."

Will flushed slightly, "Thank you."

Doctor Lecter smiled, like a cat that had caught a plump mouse, "Now, have you eaten oysters before."

"Of course," Will said with a grin, "Where are your forks?"

The alpha hummed, then picked up an oyster and a lemon. He squeezed the fruit, letting the juice mix with the flavor of the seafood. Doctor Lecter lightly gripped Will's jaw, placing the oyster at his lips. Will's eyes went wide, yet, he dutifully opened his mouth, allowing the alpha to tilt the shell and slide the fat, slick muscle into Will.

Will's breath stuttered as the Doctor reached for another oyster, "Really, you don't- I mean- I can get it myself."

"Allow me, I find the intimacy of eating like this enhances the flavor. It is how I first enjoyed oysters as a boy."

Will's shoulders relaxed as he realized that the touching wasn't anything. It was likely a European thing the doctor had picked up.

The omega consumed the rest of the seafood, then dutifully waited for the alpha to bring out the next course.

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After dinner, Will and the alpha moved to his study. Doctor Lecter left the room to get a nightcap, leaving Will to poke around in his fancy study. The bookcases reached up to the ten-foot ceiling and were packed with novels. Really, Will thought, who needs this many books. The omega wondered how many of these the doctor had *actually* read.

Will soon became bored and wanded through the rest of the study, eventually finding a glass china cabinet that caught his attention. Light glinted on a bottle in the back, causing the gears in Will's mind to run.

He jiggled the handle and popped the door open, making sure Doctor Lecter wasn't coming back in. Will grabbed a glass bottle and pulled it out to inspect it. It was oddly plebian for the doctor, fancy in a mass produced way. It looked like the bottles Will bought wholesale to sell his piss.

In fact, it looked *exactly* like the bottles Will bought to sell his piss.

*Suspiciously* like the bottle Will bought to sell his piss.

Will twisted off the cap and took a whiff. That, Will thought, his mind racing, explained a lot. All the long stares, the low, simmering interest Will could smell around the man.

He should have been disgusted, or in the least frustrated by the clear breach of doctor-patient ethics. Yet, Will thought of Doctor Lecter's snarling face, his mouth coated in blood. His clean, impartial facade torn away to reveal a monster, an animal solely invested in protecting Will. The alpha had ripped out Hobbs' throat, killed him in cold blood, just because he'd hurt Will.

He considered the dinner they'd shared: oysters, cherry-glazed salmon, and honey-drizzled figs, all foods with aphrodisiac qualities. Will walked back and swirled his third glass of ruby red wine. He'd carried it with him from dinner and the alpha had been religious about keeping Will's glass filled. Doctor Lecter was trying to get him drunk, Will realized. Warmth welled up in him, hitting the back of his throat. The omega gulped down the rest of the glass. Doctor Lecter had set up the chess board, and made the first move, but Will could certainly play along. He slipped a hand down the front of his pants, adjusting his piss-pad as a few drops of aroused pee escaped his cock.

Doctor Lecter's footsteps echoed through the hall, startling Will, and causing him to rush back to his seat.

Doctor Lecter froze as he entered the living room, his nostrils flaring for a mere second before he moved forward. He passed Will a glass filled two-thirds of the way with strong whisky. Will reached forward, conscientiously using the hand he adjusted his pad with. Doctor Lecter's eyes followed his fingers as if they were attached with string.

Will drank the whisky, gulping it down. He sighed as he released the glass from his lips, after draining half the glass.

"It's made for sipping," Doctor Lecter said, his mouth dry.

Will hummed, lolling his head to the side, playing up how intoxicated he really was, “I dunno, I like the way I drink it.”

The omega leaned in, trailing his hand across Doctor Lecter’s lapel, “Aren't you hot with all these layers?” Will stepped forward, toying with the button of Doctor Lecter’s suit jacket, “Why don’t you take something off?”

Doctor Lecter grasped Will’s wrist, “I do not think this is appropriate-”

Will hushed him, swallowed the last of the whisky, and leaned forward, pressing his lips to Doctor Lecter’s. The alpha grabbed Will almost immediately, surrounding him and shoving him back until Will collided with the bookcase. He was covered by hot, heavy alpha almost completely.

Doctor Lecter pulled back to grab Will’s piss-tainted hand, jerking it up to cover his face and inhaling deeply. Will felt both their cocks harden as Doctor Lecter ground down. The alpha’s dick must have been almost a foot long as it burned against Will’s thighs. Doctor Lecter’s expanding ribs pressed into Will until the hard book spines dug into his back. The alpha panted, his tongue escaping his lips to lick around the base of Will’s fingers.

“There’s, ah, more where that came from,” Will said, his breath catching, as he unzipped his slacks.

Doctor Lecter froze, his pupils almost wide enough to eclipse the iris. He breathed through his mouth, showing off his sharp teeth. The alpha fell to his knees instantly, nuzzling the wet bulge, and making the damp patch larger by licking at it. Will slipped his thumbs into his waistband, ready to pull down his pants and underwear, when Doctor Lecter’s teeth clamped down on the fabric and tore it with a snap of his head.

Will grabbed Doctor Lecter’s hair and focused on not cumming immediately. Doctor Lecter suckled the fabric, then attacked Will’s cock and cunt, his broad, hot tongue covering the sensitive area. He lapped at Will, not to pleasure, but to taste. Yet, Will bucked into the alpha’s mouth, losing himself in the sensation.

Doctor Lecter’s hands gripped Will’s hips, his thumbs jamming into Will’s overfilled bladder, causing Will to cry out and release into Doctor Lecter’s waiting mouth. The alpha growled as he sucked Will dry, throwing Will into a spasming orgasm as soon as he finished pissing.

Will gasped, screwing his eyes closed as Doctor Lecter continued to suck, turning pleasure into knife-sharp overstimulation. He groped at Doctor Lecter’s head, trying and failing to pull him away.

“Han-” Will stammered, “*Alpha*-”

Doctor Lecter’s nails raked down Will’s hips then pushed himself up, grabbing the omega and throwing him over his shoulder. Will grabbed the back of Doctor Lecter’s suit jacket, running a hand through his tousled hair. He knew Doctor Lecter was ferocious, but he hadn’t expected this strong of a reaction. That being said, Will was more than pleased to be ravished.

Doctor Lecter's house was a blur as the alpha carried Will up to his bedroom. Doctor Lecter threw Will onto a sprawling, king bed. The omega bounced as he hit the mattress, barely on the bed before Doctor Lecter was on top of him.

The alpha grabbed Will's pants and tore them with his bare hands, growling. Will's spent cock twitched in interest, trying in vain to harden again.

Doctor Lecter covered Will's chest with his own, holding himself up on his forearms, bracketing Will's flushed face. The alpha's mouth clenched as he forced words out, his impeccable control the only thing holding him back, "Do you want this?" he growled out.

"Doctor Lecter," Will replied, breathless, "I want you to take *everything*."

The alpha collided into Will like a typhoon, suffocating the omega below him. Will could barely keep track of the flurry of nails-teeth-fingers-tongue that descended upon him. He was marked completely, not a single inch left untouched.

Doctor Lecter jammed two fingers and his tongue into Will's cunt, stretching him and spreading him. Will was left gaping when Doctor Lecter pulled out, but was left empty for only a second before Doctor Lecter shoved his hard cock into Will.

Pleasure waved through Will as a second orgasm wracked through him. Doctor Lecter was unrelenting, pounding into Will so hard and fast that Will could barely tell when one thrust started and another ended.

Will felt his guts fill with alpha seed as his vision faded to black.

---

Will woke slowly, laying on his back, staring at Doctor Lecter's decorated ceiling. He turned his head to see his therapist, cuddling with his chest. The omega sighed, running a hand through his hair, wishing he had a cigarette. Somehow, mentally questionable sex was always more palatable with a post-orgasm cigarette.

Doctor Lecter stared up at him. Will considered asking how long the alpha had been staring at him, then decided to shelve that inquiry away. One day, Will would open that can of worms, but not today. The omega squinted at the ceiling, he also needed to ask exactly *how* and *when* Doctor Lecter got that bottle of his piss at some point.

Doctor Lecter's chest rumbled, pleased. A million questions swirled in Will's mind, but only one left his lips, "Doctor Lecter?" He asked, a giggle building in the back of his mouth.

The alpha hummed.

"Am I… your little piss kitten?"

Chapter End Notes

hiiiiiii. sage pestered me until i finished this one. i’ll have more updates soon lol

# Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had known when he'd started dating Hannibal, that the man was clearly dangerous. Hell, Will had first been attracted to the alpha because he'd torn a man's throat out for Will. But, Will had expected him to be a light grade psychopath. Likely a compulsive liar, or a man who engaged in some form of petty crime to get a thrill. He could imagine Hannibal pocketing an over-priced bottle of wine from a fancy store just for a rush. Will wouldn't even be that surprised if he discovered Hannibal had let a few patients die on the operating table to indulge his desire to play god.

The fact that Will wasn't turned off by this, and was actually a little turned on by it, was another thing. Will had always known he was a hybristophile from his first girlfriend, a fellow ninth grader who was always in detention for throwing erasers at the teacher's head, to his most recent boyfriend, a European drug dealer with a penchant for dog-themed button downs and bursts of violence.

Will had not expected to find out he'd been sucking the dick of the Chesapeake Ripper. In for a penny, in for a pound, Will thought.

The omega sighed, placing his hands on his hips. Is this really what he deserved, Will wondered, as he stared down the flayed, piss-coated corpse. He knew this man. He'd groped Will while he and Hannibal were out on a date together. The alpha had looked ready to smite the man on the spot when he saw the man's offending hand on Will's ass.

At the time, the murderous rage in Hannibal's eyes had made Will wet and weak in the knees, and inspired him to suck Hannibal off in the backseat of his overpriced car.

He hadn't expected the alpha to *actually kill the man.*

Agents, all wearing scent-blocking masks, swarmed around the scene. Will would have asked them to clear the area, if the body wasn't painfully easy to read. Jack stood behind Will, tapping his foot. The omega would have been able to feel Jack's breath on the back of his neck if he wasn't wearing a mask.

"This kill was an act of passion. The killer is clearly experienced, but hasn't killed like this before. This is an adaptation, an evolution," Will announced, praying to avoid the elephant in the room. Or, he thought, the piss bottles in the room.

"The bottles are labeled," Beverly shouted from where she stood, holding one, "*Fluid Omega*," she read.

Will wanted to melt into the ground. Maybe his piss-gift could finally help him now instead of biting him in the ass. Maybe if he pissed hard enough at the earth, it would turn to mud, entrap, and then suffocate him before he could continue this interaction.

Jack's chest rose as he saw a possible lead, "What is *Fluid Omega*?"

That was it. Will was going to die of mortification. His gravestone is going to say 'Will Elizabeth Graham, died as he lived, publicly embarrassing himself'.

"Appears to be a small, omega-piss sale site," Zeller said, holding his phone after googling the name.

Just when Will thought it couldn't get worse, it got worse.

"We need to contact whoever runs this site," Jack barked. "They're likely behind this murder."

"I… uh," Will grabbed his temples while Jack and the science team discussed ways to track the IP of the site owner, "Jack, can I talk to you in private?"

"What is it?" Jack said, not moving a muscle.

"I would really rather-"

"If it's important to the case, everyone will need to know."

"Well, it's, just…" Will paused, "I, ah-"

"Spit it out."

"I know who runs that site."

Everyone fell silent and stared at Will, "Because, uh," Will leaned in to Jack and whispered.

Jack's face skewed up, "Can you repeat that? I couldn't hear you."

Will's face flushed further and repeated himself.

"*You sell your piss online?*" Jack said loudly, causing the forensic team's heads to snap up.

Will's face was violently red. He was going to quit his job, fake his death, and run off to Florida.

The scene was so silent, Will could hear his own jaw hit the ground. Will knew Jack could be blunt, but he'd never thought the alpha would lack this much tack.

Beverly pulled down her mask for a moment, took a small whiff, and said, "Damn, Graham, potent stuff!"

---

Hannibal hummed as he practically spun around the kitchen, bringing his knife down on delicate flesh. Hannibal fileted the meat of the pig's hands. He'd severed them from an animal who'd thought it was appropriate to touch his omega without permission.

Hannibal picked up each strip of meat and tossed it into a rippling-hot wok. He was making pork-stir fry. The cooking process was dynamic, quick, and involved. It was an act of passion, his love of cooking rejuvenated.

He added sauce and rice to his meat and sauteed vegetables, then grabbed the handles and flipped everything, watching the rice fly through the air in a large arc before landing back in the wok. Hannibal imagined Will watching him cook. He was used to people being stunned by his cooking skills. He was a master of his craft, impressing people with his food was as easy as breathing, yet, Will made Hannibal want to put in effort. Hannibal wanted to pull out all the stops, do everything perfectly, and really awe the omega.

Hannibal had originally planned on Will coming over for brunch, but the omega had been called away for work. He'd tried to talk Will into visiting for a late lunch, but he had classes to teach after profiling the crime scene.

The cannibal would have been more upset if the body wasn't his own creation. Now, Hannibal was sure that there was no way to connect him to the crime, so Will wouldn't be able to understand the gift now. But, Hannibal imagined a future where Will was aware of his murderous habits. He saw a lovely home for them, with a large living room centered around a roaring hearth and a kitchen that had space for the both of them. He thought of Will, sitting at the counter, watching Hannibal cook and discussing anything and everything imaginable.

Hannibal froze as he realized that his kitchen didn't have a counter for Will to sit at.

He was imagining a new home.

Hannibal had spent almost a decade constructing his domain, his perfect house, Constructed to every specification he had. He'd intended to stay there for the rest of his life, his ideal den for a single alpha predator.

Yet, now, he was imagining a new home, one he'd build with Will, with both of them in mind.

Hannibal turned the stove off and placed his hands on the steel countertop. If he was only attracted to Will's pheromones, he would understand what he was feeling. He'd made peace with the fact that his body was made of flesh and was subject to hormonal urges. But it wasn't that simple. He enjoyed Will's company, his mind, and their conversations. He savored Will's little quirks; the way his finger tapped on his thigh when he was thinking, the way his nose twitched when he was irritated.

The alpha stared at the ceiling then grabbed two sets of tupperware and an insulating bag.

If Will couldn't come to him, he'd bring lunch to Will.

---

Will was glad he didn't need to see Hannibal today, even if it did mean that he was going to have a bag of off-brand cheetos and stale coffee for lunch instead of some gourmet something with a name that would give him a headache but taste so good.

He needed some time to consider exactly what he was going to do with the whole Chesapeake Ripper situation.

Was he really going to forsake his morals for good dick, he thought. Will placed his head in his hands as he thought about the alpha. Hannibal was smart, understanding, whitty, handsome, and just seemed to *get* Will. He also seemed to *get* the urge to kill people.

Will wondered what it said about him, psychologically, that the only psychiatrist who ever said he was completely sane was also one of the most prolific serial killers in the US.

He really should turn Hannibal in.

Even if it meant losing the only alpha he'd ever been interested in.

Will sighed and clenched his fist, causing his cheeto to crumble into dust. His last class of the day just finished, so he was preparing his next PowerPoint during his office hours. Most students knew that while Professor Graham *had* office hours, it was better to email him questions rather than risk his anger.

Will's head jolted up when his door slid open to reveal an alpha trainee. The omega squinted at him, trying to remember what the hell his name was.

Jessie? Josh? Joe? Will was pretty sure it was Joe.

"Professor," maybe-Joe said, as he slid a graded paper across Will's desk. He glanced at the heading where he saw the alpha's name was Jim. "I want to know if there was anything I could do to improve this grade."

Pheromones wafted off Jim. The alpha obviously wasn't wearing scent blockers and obviously didn't want to improve his grade with studying and hard work.

The alpha leaned into Will's personal space. Will leaned back in his chair, preparing to rip this knott-head a new one for the audacity to try and hit on him for a better grade.

Will was seconds from beginning a verbal assault when the door opened again, this time revealing Hannibal Lecter, holding a bag.

The icy-pepper scent of an angered alpha leaked into the small office. Hannibal glared down at the trainee, his face a mask of disapproval.

Will opened his mouth to break the tension, but Hannibal snarled. His upper lip revealed a row of shining, sharp teeth.

Hannibal took a menacing step into the room, setting the bag down on Will's desk, on top of Jim's paper, and Jim scrambled out, like a dog with his tail between his legs.

Will saw the spark of murder in Hannibal's eyes. He didn't like the student, but he could imagine the atrocious mess of an investigation that would be triggered if the Ripper killed another FBI trainee. The paperwork alone sent a shiver down his spin.

Christ Graham, he thought, grabbing the alpha's hand, it would also be bad if Hannibal killed Jim because Jim was a living human being.

So, Will decided he was going to save a life today. Also, the fact that Hannibal was ready to kill someone just because they bothered Will left the omega with sopping panties. He tugged Hannibal out of his office, up the stairs, and across the building to the singular, scent-proof, omega bathroom in Quantico.

"Where are we-" Hannibal began.

"Just trust me," Will interrupted, pressing both palms to Hannibal's broad chest and pressing him into the lavatory. He locked the door, triple checked that the scent blocking barrier was in place.

Hannibal stepped behind Will, just as Will spun around to press his chest to the alpha's. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's neck, burying his hands in the man's hair.

"Where is this coming from?" Hannibal asked.

"Shut up and kiss me," Will said, grinding down on Hannibal's thigh.

The alpha complied gladly, licking the inside of Will's mouth. Still, Will knew he was distracted. He pulled back and rested his forehead against Hannibal's. The man's dick was hard against his thigh, but his mind was still on Jim and his rude behavior.

Time to pull out the big guns, Will thought. Will reached down, undid his belt, and slipped two of his fingers between his wet folds. Slick and piss clung to his hand, dripping down his palm as he pressed his fingers between Hannibal's lips. Will pressed Hannibal's tongue down, scraping his fingernails against the muscle. He felt the alpha's teeth indent his flesh. Will felt like a rabbit, comfortably lounging in the jaw of a lion as he hooked his fingers behind Hannibal's lower teeth and pulled the man down to his eye level. His other hand fiddled with Hannibal's pants, pushing his briefs down just enough to pull out his cock.

Will kissed Hannibal, then sank to his knees.

He licked a stripe along the underside of Hannibal's dick. He looked up at the man to see his eyes hazed over with lust. A hand gripped Will's curls and shoved his cock down the omega's throat.

Will gagged around it, throat spasming as Hannibal held him in place. Will sucked air in through his nose. Hannibal jerked his head back, seconds before Will could adjust. The head of his cock smeared precum across Will's lips and chin.

The omega ground his cunt against Hannibal's leg, the wetness finally escaping his pad. Slick and piss began to darken his slacks. Arousal bubbled in his gut, blurring the line between needing to piss and needing to cum as he was face-fucked.

Hannibal's thighs tensed as he ground Will's face into his crotch, Will's nose smushed against Hannibal's flat hips, rough hair scraping against the omega's cheeks. His knot popped behind

Will's teeth, cum shooting down his throat.

Will coughed and gagged around it, cum bubbling out between his lips as tears streaked down his face. He whined as he released, piss pouring down his legs.

Hannibal froze, nose upturned. He growled and pulled Will off his dick. Will's jaw erupted in pain as it was forced unnaturally far open to remove Hannibal's knot. Ropes of cum sprayed across Will's front.

The alpha flipped Will, shoving his face down onto the cold, linoleum floor of the bathroom so he could press his full face to the space between Will's legs.

His tongue lapped up the piss coating Will's pants. Will whimpered as he was dragged across the floor to give Hannibal better leverage. The alpha growled, and bit down on Will's thigh, tearing the trousers. He ripped Will's pants and underwear with his teeth, exposing his pussy to the chill air.

Hannibal attacked the omega's folds, teeth, tongue, and lips. Will sobbed as he came for a second time, squirting over Hannibal's face.

After almost twenty minutes, long after overstimulation had turned to pain and Hannibal was sated.

Will pushed himself onto shaking forearms and turned, resting on his back. He stared at Hannibal's squirt and piss covered face, the liquids dripping to the collar of his shirt. He glanced down at his own torn pants and cum-covered button down. Then, he remembered they were on the third floor of an incredibly busy building at three in the afternoon.

He glanced back at Hannibal, "You wouldn't happen to have any idea how we can get out of here without flashing the entire FBI?"

---

Will giggled as Hannibal pulled him out into the dark parking lot. They'd waited hours in the bathroom until Quantico cleared out. Now, they were making a break for it. Hannibal was shirtless under his blazer as he'd given Will his button down to tie around his waist.

It was the most disheveled he'd ever seen Hannibal, his normally gelled hair a mess across his forehead.

Hannibal grabbed his car keys from his pocket and unlocked it, ushering Will inside before walking to the driver's seat.

Will looked over at the man, and burst into laughter. He was in a car with the Chesapeake Ripper and the love of his life, covered in dried cum and a killer's clothes. What the hell was he doing with his life, he wondered.

"Would you like me to drive you to your car?"

The omega turned towards Hannibal to see the alpha smiling. A real, honest smile breaking through his constructed person suit.

There was no way in hell Will could turn him in.

“I’d like you to drive me to your house.”

Chapter End Notes

return of the piss king.

there were originally 4 chapters for this, but i found myself really unhappy with anything i had planned for the fourth chapter. at some point i might write a little pwp continuation where hannibal finally gets to try out the duck tape in the back of his car from ch1 (some fun fun cnc scene stuff) but its not on my immediate docket

End Notes

hiiiiiiiiiiiii. about 2 weeks ago i didnt have a piss kink. then, my beloved friend theo enlightened me. now im here.

also! note! omegas have vaginas and 2-3 inch cocks. think like t cocks. bc t cocks are fantastic. they can pee out of the dicks but produce slick from their cunt

title is from Rain Song by the mountain goats bc i think i am soooooooo funny

thank you all for any comments or kudos!!

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